

THE KALIDA VENTURE.

Equal Laws—Equal Rights, and Equal Burdens—the Constitution and its Currency.

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WHOLE NO. 592.

true; but then I should like to know if it don't require some mental labor to keep up with the instructions of our boss now! I declare, it keeps me thinking pretty sharply."

"That may be," said Charles; "but after all, the only mental labor you perform is memory. You only remember Mr. White's instructions, and then follow them, and in so doing, you learn nothing but the mere method of doing the work you are engaged on. For instance, you know how long to make the rafters of the house we are now building, and you know how to let them into the plates; but do you know the philosophical reason for all this? Do you know why you are required to perform your work after given rules?"

"I know that I am to do it, and that when I am of age, I shall be paid for doing it, and I know how to do it. That is enough," answered Ludlow, with much emphasis.

"It is not enough for me," said Charles. "Every piece of mechanism has a science in its composition, and I would be able to comprehend that science so as to apply it, perhaps, to other uses. In short, Lud, I would be master of my business."

"And so would I. I tell you, Charles, I believe I could frame a house now."

"Such an one as you have been taught to build, Lud."

"Certainly. Everybody must be taught at first."

"True; and everybody may gain improvement upon the instruction of others by self-culture."

"Then you want to go to ride this evening?" said Ludlow, as they reached their boarding-house.

"No."

Here the conversation ended. That evening Ludlow Weston hired a horse and chaise, and went to ride; while Charles Brackett betook himself to his room, and was soon deeply interested in his History of Architecture. Some parts he would read over several times so as to thoroughly comprehend them, and occasionally he would take notes, and copy some of the drawings. Before he retired to his rest, he had finished the book; and when he arose the next morning, the subject was fresh and vivid in his mind, and he felt happy and satisfied with himself.

"Ah, Charles, I had a glorious time last night," said Ludlow Weston, with a heavy yawn, as the two apprentices met before breakfast.

"So did I," returned Charles.

"At your dry book, eh?"

"Yes."

"Well, I don't envy you. Egad, Charles, the recollections of last night's ride and supper will give me enjoyment for a month."

"And the recollections of my last night's study may benefit me for a lifetime."

"Bah!" said Ludlow. "But the very manner in which he uttered it showed that he did not exactly mean it."

"A month had passed away, and it was Saturday morning."

"Charles," said Ludlow Weston, "we have not got to work this afternoon. Now, what do you say to joining the party on the pond? We have got the boats engaged, and we are going to have a capital time. I'm going to carry Sophia, and you must take Mary, and go with us."

"I am sorry that I must disappoint you, Lud; but the old professor at the academy, as he has no school this afternoon, has promised to give me some assistance in my studies in mensuration, and it would be a disappointment both to him and myself to miss the opportunity."

"O, bother your mensuration! Come along. Mary Waters will think you are really mean, for Sophia Cross will be sure to tell her what a fine time she had with me."

"No, Mary won't," returned Charles.

"After I have finished my lesson, I am going to take a horse and chaise, and carry her out to visit her sick aunt, where we shall spend the Sabbath. However, I hope you will have a good time, and I believe you will, too."

Mary Waters and Sophia Cross were both of them good girls, and they really loved the youths, whose attentions they were respectively receiving. Charles and Ludlow had already talked of marriage, and they looked forward to that important event with much promise of joy, and all who knew them had reason to believe that they would both make good husbands.

Thus time glided away. Both of the young men laid up some money, and they were both steady at their work, but Charles pursued his studies with unremitting diligence, while Ludlow could never see any use in a mere carpenter's bohemian life, and he devoted his leisure time to the most intense study.

The gentlemen looked kindly, flatteringly upon the young man, and then turning to Mr. White, he said:

"He has not only given us the design, but, as you can see, he has calculated a nicely the number of bricks, the surface of stone, the quantity of lumber, the weight, length, size and form of the required iron, as well as the quantity of other materials, and the cost of construction. It is a valuable document."

"Ain't you ever going to get married?" asked Ludlow; as he and Charles were at work together.

"As soon as I can get a house to put a wife into," quietly returned Charles.

"Why, you can hire a house at any time."

"I know that; but I wish to own one."

"Then poor Mary Waters will have to wait a long time for a husband, I'm thinking."

"Perhaps so," Charles said, with a smile.

Then Ludlow whistled a tune as he continued his work.

"Boys," said Mr. White, as he came into his shop one morning, where Charles and Ludlow were at work, "we are soon likely to have a job in S—."

The new State House is going up as soon as the committee can procure a suitable plan, and I shall have an opportunity to contract for a good share of the carpenter's work."

"Good! We shall have a change of air," said Ludlow, in a merry mood.

That evening Charles took his paper from the post-office, and in it he found an advertisement calling for an architectural plan for the new State House. He went home, locked himself up in his room, and devoted half the night to intense thought and study. The next day he procured a large sheet of fine drawing paper, and after supper he again betook himself to his room, where he drew out his table, spread his paper, and then taking his case of mathematical instruments, he set himself about his task. For a whole week he worked every night till twelve or one o'clock, and at the end of that time, his job was finished. He rolled his sheet of paper carefully up in a substantial wrapper, and having directed it to the committee, he entrusted it to the care of the stage-driver, to be delivered at its destination in the city of S—.

Nearly three weeks rolled away, and Charles began to think that his labors had been useless. It was just after dinner. White and his men had commenced work, when four gentlemen entered the shop, whose very appearance at once bespoke them to be men of the highest standing in society.

"Is there a Mr. Charles Brackett here?" asked one of them.

"That is the man, sir," returned Mr. White, pointing to where Charles in his checked apron and paper cap, was at work.

The stranger seemed a little surprised as he turned his eyes upon the youth, and a shade of doubt dwelt upon his features.

"Is your name Brackett, sir?" he asked, as he went up to where the young man stood.

"It is, sir," replied Charles, trembling with strong excitement.

"Did you draw this plan?" continued the stranger, opening a roll he held in his hand.

"I did, sir," answered Charles, as he at once recognized his work.

"Every you originate it?"

"Every part of it, sir."

The stranger eyed the young carpenter with a wondering look, and so did the gentlemen who accompanied him. Mr. White and Ludlow Weston wondered what it meant.

"Well, sir," at length said he who held the plan, "I am not a little surprised that one like you should have designed and drawn this; but nevertheless, you are a lucky man. Your plan has been accepted in every feature, and your recommendations have all been adopted."

The effect of this announcement upon Charles Brackett was like an electric shock. Objects seemed to swim before his eyes, and he grasped the edge of his bench for support.

"Gentlemen," said Mr. White, "I do not understand this. What does it all mean?"

"It means, sir, that this young man has designed a complete and perfect architectural plan for the new State House, and that it has been unanimously adopted by the committee from among fifty others which they have received from different parts of the country."

"Charles," uttered the old carpenter, wiping a pride-sent tear from his cheek as he gazed upon his former apprentice, "when did you do this?"

"Three weeks ago, sir."

"And that's what kept you up so late every night for a whole week?"

"Yes, sir."

"There is a powerful genius there, sir," said the spokesman of the visitors.

"Ay," returned Mr. White; "and there has been deep and powerful application there, too. Charles Brackett has been with me from a boy, sir, and every moment of his leisure time has been devoted to the most intense study."

The gentlemen looked kindly, flatteringly upon the young man, and then turning to Mr. White, he said:

"He has not only given us the design, but, as you can see, he has calculated a nicely the number of bricks, the surface of stone, the quantity of lumber, the weight, length, size and form of the required iron, as well as the quantity of other materials, and the cost of construction. It is a valuable document."

Ludlow Weston was dumb. He hung down his head, and thought of the contempt he had cast upon his companion's studies.

"Mr. Brackett," continued the visitor, "I am authorized by the State committee to pay you one thousand dollars for this design, and also to offer you ten dollars per day so long as the building is in course of construction, for your services as superintending architect. The first named sum I will pay you now, and before I leave, I would like to have from you an answer to the committee's proposition."

Before the delegation returned to S—, Charles had received his thousand dollars cash, and accepted the offer for superintending the erection of the State House.

"Ah, Charles," said Ludlow Weston, after they had finished their supper, "you have indeed chosen the wisest part. I had no thought that a carpenter could be such a man."

"And why not a carpenter as well as any one?" It only requires study and application."

"But all men are not like you."

"Because all men don't try. Let a man set his eyes upon an honorable point, and then follow it steadily, unwaveringly, and he will be sure to reach it. All men may not occupy the same sphere, and it would not be well that they should; but there are few who may not reach to a degree of honorable eminence in any trade or profession, no matter how humble it may be."

"I believe you are right, Charles; but it is too late for me to try now. I shall never be anything but a journeyman."

"I will own, Ludlow, that you have wasted the best part of your life for study; but there is yet time and opportunity for retirement."

Ludlow did try, and he studied, and he improved much, but he was unable to recall the time he had wasted. He had now a family upon his care, and as he had to depend altogether upon his hands for support, he could not work much with his mind.

Charles Brackett saw the building he had planned entirely finished, and he received the highest encomiums of praise from the chief officers of the State. Business flowed in upon him, and ere many years, Brackett, the architect, was known throughout the Union. When he died Mary Waters to the hymeneal altar, he did own one of the prettiest houses in his native town; nor did "poor Mary" have to wait long, either.

There is a deep moral in the foregoing for our young mechanical readers, and we have no doubt they have, ere this, discovered it.

A SERMON THAT DID NOT SUIT.

Mrs. H— was a very religious woman, and perhaps came near worshiping Mr. N—, her favorite minister, as some of our people do Kossuth, the Hungarian; but be that as it may, she was continually hammering Aaron, a shrewd lad of some sixteen years of age, who to poster the old lady, and hear her scold, would occasionally speak rather lightly of Mr. N—, her minister.

Happening to call in at the house of Mrs. H—, one day, the old lady began as usual to chastise him, and Aaron thinking she put it on rather hard, after hearing her through, said:

"I'm as good as Mr. N—, and can preach as well."

"Preach!" said the old lady, "you don't know a single word in the Bible."

"Well, give me a text," said Aaron, "and see if I can't preach."

"You don't know anything about the Bible," said Mrs. H—, "if you do you may take any text you please."

"Well," said Aaron, "A virtuous woman is without price"—ain't that in your Bible?"

"Yes," said Mrs. H—, "and it shows that women are better than men, for the Bible don't say that a virtuous man is without price."

"Well, we will see about that," said Aaron, and after dividing his subject into three heads, commenced as follows:

"The scarcity of an article in all cases governs the price, but when an article cannot be found it cannot be had at any price, and for that reason it is 'without price.' Now, if there were any virtuous women, there would be a price, and a high one, too, by reason of the scarcity, but as there is none—"

At this stage of proceedings, the old lady seized the broom—

"Aaron," said she, "you are an impudent brat, and if you don't clear out, I will pelt you with the broom handle."

Aaron made tracks into the road, finishing his sentence, "they are without price," as he went through the door, which the old lady closed after him with considerable force.

Aaron now started for home, saying to himself as he went along, "I guess the old woman will not chastise me again soon,"—and as it proved, he was not mistaken in his prediction.

Who has the best time of it, the Pope or the Sultan—the man with no wife, or the one with two hundred and fifty?

ETHIOPIA.

Bayard Taylor, writing to the N. Y. Tribune from Khartoum, the capital of Egyptian Sudan, describes his ride down the Nile. He says:

Here, where I expected to find a wilderness, I find a garden. Ethiopia might become, in other hands, the richest and most productive part of Africa. The people are industrious and peaceable, and deserve better masters. Their dread of Turks is extreme, and so is their hatred. I stopped one evening at a little village on the western bank. The sailors were sent to the houses to procure fowls and eggs, and after a long time two men appeared, bringing as they said, the only chicken in the place. They came up slowly, stopped and touched the ground and laid their hands on their heads, signifying that they were as the dust before our feet. Achmet paid them the thirty pence they demanded, and when they saw the supposed Turks had no disposition to cheat them, they went back and brought more fowls. Travelers who go by the land route give the people an excellent character for hospitality. I have been informed that it is almost impossible to buy anything, even when double the value of the article is tendered, but asking for it as a favor they will cheerfully give whatever they have.

On the third day, I saw the hippopotamus. The men discerned him about a quarter of a mile off, as he came up to breathe, and called my attention to him, and the sailors shouted to draw his attention.

"How is your wife, old boy?" To your son married yet?" and like exclamations. They insisted upon it that his curiosity would be excited by this means, and he would allow us to approach. I saw him at least within a hundred yards, but only his enormous head, which was three feet across his ears. He raised it with a tremendous snort, opened his huge mouth at the same time, and a more frightful monster I never saw. He came up in our wake, after we had passed, and followed us some time. Directly afterwards we spied five crocodiles on a sandbank. One of them was of a greyish color, and upward of twenty feet in length. We approached quietly to within a few yards of them, when my men raised their poles and shouted. The boats started from their sleep, and dashed quickly into the water, the big yellow one striking so violently against the hull that I am sure he went off with the head-ache.

EFFECTS OF LIBERTY.—In the dark ages which followed the downfall of the Roman Empire, several Republics were formed in the Northern parts of Italy; and ignorance and barbarism prevailed in other European countries, these States, under the influence of free institutions, became rich and powerful, and enjoyed the comforts and ornaments of life. Their ships covered every sea; their factories rose on every shore; their money changers set their tables in every city; and manufactures flourished. We doubt whether any country of Europe, our own perhaps excepted, has, at the present time reached so high a point of wealth and civilization as some parts of Italy had attained 400 years ago. The revenue of the Republic of Florence was greater 500 years ago than that which the Grand Duke of Tuscany (in which dominions Florence is situated) now derives from a territory of much greater extent.

The manufacture of wool alone employed 200 factories and 30,000 workmen in that Republic; and the cloth annually produced sold for a sum equal to \$11,000,000 of our money. Eighty banking houses conducted the commercial operations, not of Florence only, but of all Europe. Two banking houses advanced to Edward the Third of England, a sum of silver equivalent to \$3,300,000, when the value of silver was quadruple what it is now. The city and environs contained 160,000 inhabitants; 10,000 children were taught to read in the various schools; 1,200 studied arithmetic; and 600 received a learned education. The progress of literature and the arts was in proportion to that of the public prosperity. All the seven vials of the Apocalypse have since been poured out on those pleasant countries. Their political institutions have been swept away; their wealth has departed; literature and the arts have declined; the people are trampled upon by foreign tyrants, and their minds are enslaved by superstition; eloquence is gagged and reason hoodwinked.—Edinburgh Review.

ARE LIZARDS POISONOUS?—L. M. Bostner, writing to the Southern Cultivator, says he has examined many snakes and lizards, to know if they were poisonous, and he is satisfied that many snakes are destroyed which are not only harmless but useful. He has examined all sorts of lizards and never found a poisonous one. The large water lizards are also innocent—they are named "lamper eels."—Scientific American.

When you go out to drown yourself, always pull off your clothes; they may fit your wife's second husband.

From the Liberator.

FUNNY DEVELOPMENTS.

The quarrel among the whigs are letting out a great many family secrets. The latest development is made by the N. Y. Day Book, a Webster paper before the nomination, but which now supports Pierce and King. The matter in question, is a speech said to have been delivered by Gen. Scott and Elizabeth, wherein a beautiful eulogy is pronounced upon the gallantry and devotedness of "Americans by adoption" during the Mexican War. We give the paragraph in point, with the remarks of the Day Book in connection:

You have been pleased, sir, to allude to our adopted citizens. I can say that the Irish, the Germans, the Swiss, the French, the Britons and other adopted citizens, fought in the same ranks, under the same colors, side by side with Native born Americans—exhibiting like courage and efficiency, and uniting at every victory in the same enthusiastic shouts in honor of our flag and country. From Vera Cruz to the Capital of Mexico, there was one generous rivalry in heroic daring and brilliant achievements. Let those who witnessed that career of valor and patriotism say, if they can, what race, according to numbers, contributed most to the general success and glory of the campaign. On the many hard fought battles, there was no room for invidious distinction. All proved themselves the faithful sons of our beloved country, and no spectator could fail to dismiss any imaginary prejudice he might have entertained as to the comparative merits of Americans by birth and Americans by adoption.

"Now," says the Day Book, "it so happens that General Scott did not say that, or anything like it; neither did he write it. We heard him read his response, and afterwards saw and copied the manuscript. It was taken into the cabin of the steamboat, and given to the reporters of the daily papers, among whom was the present editor of the Day Book, to transcribe for publication. Mr. Charles King, then connected with the Courier and Enquirer, took the manuscript after it left the hands of General Scott, and interlined the paragraph we have italicized. It was no part of Gen. Scott's speech, and he never saw it until he saw it in print."

It was well known that there was a good deal of feeling existing against the General, among our foreign population, in consequence of the hanging of the fifteen or twenty Irish deserters in Mexico, and it was generally supposed that he was rather hostile to foreign soldiers. Mr. King being acquainted with the fact, and seeing that Scott had omitted to say anything in favor of the Irish who had served under him, cunningly inserted the above piece of blarney. The speech amounted to very little any way. It was badly written and worse delivered, and we do not hesitate to say that it disappointed many, if not all who heard it, and made General Scott appear anything but the distinguished statesman that his admirers had imagined. Every one seemed to think that some one ought to write and deliver his speeches for him, and it was a relief to all to see so accomplished a scholar as Mr. Charles King revise and correct, not to say re-write the "response" before it was in type.

There is nothing like having a good friend to embellish a man's productions—to put on the finishing touches, especially when he is a rather rough workman. But then there is a drawback—They are apt (as in this case) to let the cat out of the bag, and that makes a man of large pretensions feel a little mortified. We fear that all the speeches and productions Scott ever had the credit for, will be proved the productions of somebody else—except two: His letter to Wm. L. Marcy, and his letter to the Philadelphia Church-Burners, bear the stamp of his own peculiar genius, and in every line give unmistakable evidence of their authenticity.

In regard to a protective tariff, an obsolete dogma which the whigs, with strange fatality and blindness still cling to, our readers will know that we always maintain the opposite end of the argument. A tariff for revenue is all we shall ever live to see in this country; and a gradual approximation to free trade, is just as inevitable as the increase of knowledge, liberty and peace. But in this matter also, Congress, inexorably Democratic, will always hold the country from raising the tariff beyond the revenue point.—N. Y. Mirror.

This is progressive whiggery. The Mirror has been a very fierce whig paper, but the editor has learned some sense.—O. Statesman.

Down East, they put a fellow in jail for swindling. The audacious fellow had dried snow and sold it for salt.

Jerald says that young boys who marry old maids, "gather in the spring of life the golden fruits of autumn."

An exchange says: Barnum is offering to bet on the election of Pierce and King, allowing his opponent ten per cent odds.

From Gleason's Pictorial.

THE TWO CARPENTERS.

—OR—

PASTIME REAL AND UNREAL.

A SKETCH FOR MECHANICS.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

CHARLES BRACKETT and Ludlow Weston were apprentices to a carpenter by the name of Jonas White. They were nearly of the same age—about nineteen, and they were both of them of remarkably good disposition, and, withal, very punctual at their work. Mr. White was a kind, indulgent man, and his workmen had no occasion to complain of his requirements.

"Charles," said Ludlow Weston, one evening after they had closed their labors on a house that Mr. White was erecting, "let us have a ride this evening."

"No," returned Charles Brackett, as he removed his apron. The answer was short, but yet it was kindly spoken.

"Come, do," urged Ludlow. "It will be a beautiful evening, and we can have a first rate time. Won't you go?"

"I cannot, Lud."

"But why?"

"Because I am otherwise engaged, and beside, I haven't the money to spare."

"Never mind the engagement, but come along, and I will pay the expenses."

"If I ever join with a companion in any pastime that involves pecuniary expenses, I shall always pay my share; but this evening, Lud, I have an engagement with myself."

"And what can it be, Charley?"

"I borrowed a book of Mr. White, a few days since, and as I promised to return it as soon as I finished it, I desire to do so as soon as possible, so I must devote this evening to reading."

"And what is the subject, pray?" asked Ludlow.

"The History of Architecture," returned Charles Brackett.

"O, h! Such dry stuff as that!"

"It's not dry, I assure you, Lud."

"It may not be to you, but it is to me. What, poring over architecture all night, after working hard at it all day?"

"Yes," returned Charles; "because I am thus enabled to learn more of the different branches of our business."

"Well," said Ludlow, with a slight toss of the head, "for my part I learn full as much about the carpenter's trade at my work as I shall ever find use for. I don't see the use, after a poor fellow has been tied up to mortises, grooves, sills, rafters, sleepers, and such matters, all day long, to drag away the night in studying the stuff all over again."

"Ah, Lud," replied Charles Brackett, "you don't take the right view of the matter. Every man makes himself honorable in a peculiar business; just so far as he understands that business thoroughly, and applies himself to its perfection. It is not the calling or trade that makes the man, but it's the honest enterprise with which that calling is followed. In looking about for a business that should give me a support through life, I hit upon and chose the one in which we are now both engaged, and when I did so, I resolved to make myself useful in it. We have something besides mere physical strength to employ and cultivate; we have a mind that must labor at something. Now, physical labor alone is tedious and unthankful, but when we combine the mental and physical, and make them assist each other, then we find labor a source of comfort."

"Really, Charley, you are quite a philosopher, and I suppose what you say is